# EPISTLES

TO THE

# KING

AND

# DUKE.

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By Mr Wycherley

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# TO THE KING.

WISE Men begin at th' Enterprises End,
Sense shou'd the Aim, ere 'tis an Act, commend;
With Courtiers, Fencers, Lawyers, Poets still
Boldness makes up, their want of Force, or Skill;
And Zeal is oft, the Pious Fools Excuse,
Whose rude Pray'r is the Deity's Abuse;
So when defaming Libels flie abroad,
Profaneing the high Name of earthly God,

I too, ſcarce hold taking great Name in vain,
Muſt with new inſolence, of theirs complain;
Who thinks your Name by Slaves can leſſen'd be,
Do's to your Honour, but more Injury;
Of all your Provinces, yet ne're was known,
*Parnaſſus* (Sir) Rebellious to the Crown,
Province of Wit, more than the reſt your own
Tho Poets ſtill, by Courts were kept Threadbare,
In Verſe, for Monarchy, true Wits declare,
A Wit's your true, Indigent Officer
Still out of Royal Sight, kept below Stairs,
Appearing through his Coat, ſeldom appears;
Court litter ere has been a Spaniel Crew;
To Fawning, Sloth, yet ſcarce to Maſter true,
Suff'ring no Poor, to come in Maſter's view;
If Royal Bounty, ought to Stranger throws,
The Houſhold greedy Fawners interpoſe;
So Wretch for whom 'twas meant, the Boon muſt loſe;

I am the only Spaniel of the Crown,
Kick'd out, and yet muſt ſtill be hanging on,
The kinder too, for being but ill us'd,
To baffled me, why is Court-grace refus'd?
Where 'tis Preferment, but to be abus'd.
But Poet 'mongſt State-Lyars can't put in,
And Wit with Politicks, ſcarce ere there, ſeen,
The only baſhful Lyar too, comes there,
And only hungry, ill clad, Flatterer;
Flatt'ry with Wit, like Paint on a good Face,
Inſtead of ſetting off, heightning Diſgrace,
And Flattery makes Wit thought counterfit,
As red, which does appear too plain to ſight,
Renders ſuſpected, undawb'd neighb'ring White;
Wit, like unfarded Beauty, will appear,
Still beſt bare-fac'd, and when Men peep moſt near;
Yet *Fucus* Flattery's too hard for Wit,
Tho by Wits ſhelter ſhe do's ſafeſt ſit,

Mole

Mole Flatterer, ſole danger of great Men,
Who raiſes levels up, whilſt Heart's unſeen,
Heaving looſe Hills, for trampling proud Court foot,
In unſmooth Court paths, ſtill to ſpurn about;
Court-Underminers, are ſtill trod upon,
Yet to deſtroy them, each great Man has one;
As Elephants have Mice to eat 'em down;
The Horſe, has lurking Bot, the Dog his Worm,
Poet, has Worm call'd Wit, to do him harm;
Each Mortal, do's own Bane about him bear,
So great Prince has, his ſticking Flatterer;
Flattery copper Coin to current Wit,
Tho ſo Court current, ne're paſs'd with you, yet;
That Ivy of Court Cedars, whoſe Embrace,
Hinders its high Stocks growth, its worſt diſgrace,
Deſtruction to beſt Pallaces high walls,
Whil'ſt from her clinging growth, huge Fabrick falls;
But you hate Flattery, as you love Wit,
Bold Flattery, always too hard for it; For

For Flatterers, tho you low Race diſown,
Still think themſelves, Appendixes o'th' Crown,
So ſticking Sploach, Golds luſtre will deface,
And Cobwebs oft, hang ſafeſt on high place,
To Courts, perpetual hanging on, Diſgrace;
Wit like your Robes, none but you there have on,
Eaſie Majeſtick free, to be aim'd at by none;
In Converſation make no diff'rence yet,
Diſtinguiſh'd then as firſt but by your Wit,
Which like your Gold, from you do's freely flow,
Fountain of Honor, Wealth, nay true Wit too,
You are a Tyrant only by your Wit,
Tormenting aiming Coxcombs ſtill with it,
And no bold Talker can ſafe near you ſit;
You never triumph, tho you overcome,
Not by your Checks, but Wit, make Talkers dumb;
Monarch of Wit, have all Wits in your pow'r,
Yet ne're made Man bluſh, who cou'd bluſh before;

Nay

Nay let too, forward dapper Wit, alone,
'Till that his own bold Nonſence runs him down;
So an ill Fencer falls by his own Sword,
The more he puſhes, the more out of guard;
But you, Wit, like your Juſtice (Sir) all know,
More than in puniſhment in mercy ſhow,
Tho if provok'd none can be ſharper too;
But ſparing is the part of gen'rous Wit,
Whilſt rambling Fools ſhot, do's all round it, hit;
Loud half Wits, as loud half Braves, bloody'ſt are,
In their Wits fury, Man, nor Woman, ſpare;
But true Wits, like your Spaniels have alone,
Their Maſter Friend, by th' Crowd, kick'd, trod upon;
Wits ſmall great Party, you alone (Sir) are,
Yet Poet, at *Whitehall*, ſole Flatterer,
Who by the Rules of Court, is left to ſtarve,
If not Wit, lying ſhou'd the Wretch preſerve,
Where cutting Friends up do's Knaves mouthfuls carve;

And

And palling Flattery, helps Fools to dine,
But cou'd Wits force, with Flattery once join,
It ne're cou'd have, improſperous deſign;
For Wit, with Flattery, like Force with Art,
Lay's open fencing Courtiers cover'd heart;
'Gainſt lurking Flattery, few men there are,
Who want their weak ſide, or do not lie bare;
None but you (Sir) for Flattery too high,
That piercing ſoft, feather'd Artillery;
Which falls to Earth, aiming up, at the Sky;
Againſt Court Wind-Guns you alone are faſt,
And Poyſon-praiſe, Court-ſlaves before you taſte,
They have firſt draught, to you preſented laſt:
At Court, Wit lives, alas, like Loyalty,
Maim'd, ſhabby, out of date, by-aſſ paſs'd by;
Thought Favourit of Courts, gets there but ſhame,
Sole Lyar there too, Subject is to blame;

Like Cavalier, lives on Witts Lottery,
The Play-houſe, ſtarving Scene of Poetry;
That ſcrambling Lottery of needy Wit,
Where moſt times chance is miſs'd for one poor hit,
And all with buſie, filching Scribling paw,
For art, and puſhing blanks moſt often draw;
Saints meeting Play-houſes play down the Stage,
There act more lew'd love, and more Bloody-rage
With Devils, Pope, and Fryers to engage,
And they on Pulpit-Ribaldry grow fat,
On vices of the World to live, and chat,
Better, than any Poet of 'em All,
Or Coffee-holders-forth, who unhir'd Baul;
By Prickear'd, Buſie, Laſy is reviv'd,
So did he look ſo whine, ſo ſneer'd, ſo griev'd,
And Foe to Plays the greateſt Player is
Acts on ſtale Plot, tho People roar, and hiſs,

(*Of* 41)

Lowd

Low'd, bauling Bombaſt, tragick Villany,
And ſeriouſly plays Pulpit-Comedy,
Ridiculous, Religious Mimckry;
For four hours, deafning Galleries and Pit,
While Pulpit-fixt long Ears in Pill'ry ſit,
And thoſe merc'leſs Ear Executioners,
To Pulpits pin down, for five hours, all Ears,
With mauling, rayling, ſharp invective Prayers,
Againſt the Play-houſes, ſo much declare,
Cauſe ſuch their Meeting-houſes, only are;
When Town, had but two, they cou'd ne're agree,
What ſewds will riſe by late Pluralitie?
Let Cuſhion-beaters rage, thump Pulpits down,
Each thraſh about him, till his Cuſhion's gone;
And if (Sir) once you take away Saints eaſe,
His Praying, and his noiſe, will ſoon then ceaſe;
So Pillow ta'n from Sick-mans dying Bed,
Strugler gets quiet from his fallen head;

In meeting Play-houſe, thriving Players do,
To Leſs then ten, with ſharing audience go;
They Tythes alone, for gain-ſake ſtill lay down,
Becauſe they think their Flocks fleece all their own.
Believe as Saints, ſo Heaven's ſole Heirs they are,
And wrong'd, when they are ſtinted to tenth ſhare,
Of bleſſings, which like ſhowers, come without care:
But holy Play-houſes, like others do,
Act Tragedies on Kings, in Puppet ſhow,
And with the Royal leave, or ſufferance,
By acting ſo, the active cauſe advance;
Of Rapin, Rage, Rebellion, nay Luſt too,
Where rais'd up Eyes, each Dame and Purſe look throw,
There with rude Worſhip, Church, and Court defame,
In Pray'r take moſt in vain, God's, and your name;
Yet often'ſt in their Pray'r you are left out,
But in Pray'r only, 'ſcape blaſpheming Throat;

Such

Such old Reformers, did old Laws withſtand,
Such by King-killing, made yours holy Land;
And ſuch, again, (forbid Eternal Pow'r,)
Would ſo exalt their King as once before,
But you, without Deaths ſtroak, will ever live,
In deeds of Mercy, like a God, you give,
Yet Death, or vengeance deal with ſloweſt Arm,
By mercy (Sir) you only can do harm;
Yours is, in ſparing but deſtructive hand,
With ſtroaks you'd heal, State-evil of your Land;
But when you think all's Cur'd the hum'rous Sore,
Miſſing your Gold, breaks out, worſe than before;
*Rebellion*, like a Fellon, muſt endure,
Squeeſing and anguiſh, ere 'twill find a Cure;
You ne'r are cruel, but when you forgive,
And Rebels, whom your laws condemn reprieve,
Saving ſuch lives, riſques that, by which all live;

When

When a King's Murder'd, one Man do's not die,
Whole Nations, ſuffer Death in Monarchy,
And loſe their deareſt Life old Liberty:
Your Arm, like Heaven's fences with your Foes,
To ſave thoſe lives who would your power depoſe;
Exceſs of Mercy, is ſelf cruelty,
Hazzarding Life that Murderers mayn't die;
Yet ſometimes, Trait'rous Friend bids Friend have care,
Makes him turn's Head, to take him unaware,
When none, but his own Trait'rous hand, was near;
But your own ſparing hand, you need but fear,
'Cauſe 'twou'd not kill, but only rage diſarm,
Vent'ring your ſelf, not enemy to harm;
Late is your Veng'ance, if it comes at all,
Like Heavens hand, your great Original,
Tardy in puniſhment, in giving ſwift,
When merit calls, you give 'till nothing's left;

Kings

Kings names, by th' King of Mettles ought to live,
Yet not by Droſs they ſtamp, but Gold, they give;
Kings are Land-Pyrats from their taking pow'r,
By gift, not ſtamp of Gold, Kings are made more,
By giving each King grows an Emperour;
Yet the ſole fault of giving, is exceſs;
It's overflowing, maks its ſhallowneſs,
By giving, Liberality will ceaſe,
All but your ſelf, in your Court, are at eaſe,
All but your ſelf, there too, proud, big, and high;
O'reflowing honour dreins Spring Majeſty,
And when a Prince puts Royal ſtamp on Braſs,
Raiſing the Mettles price, will his debaſe;
Some worthleſs wretches wear high Character,
As Copper Farthings too Kings Image bear,
As well as Gold, which weighs well, and looks right,
Of worth Intrinſick, glorious too, in ſight;

When honours grow too cheap, it is a ſign,
In other Courts of ſcarcity of Coin,
So Royal ſtamp, in Exigences has,
Coin'd Leather, and for ſterling made it paſs,
But your ſtamp is the ſame, on Lead, and Braſs;
In heat of ſtamping often dull Droſs may
Mix with pure Gold, and ſteal its ſtamp away;
Yet ſome there are, deſerve the ſtamp I know,
And as true Coin, may make the falſe to go
When Princes juſtly honour too confer,
Such honour'd is, his Prince's honourer;
You can make any thing, but your ſelf proud,
Beſt Kings, are like beſt Gold, eaſieſt bow'd;
Such is your gentle condeſcending Reign,
As when Gods rul'd each Village and each Plain,
Ere Ceremony ſway'd, Pride, or Diſdain,
Or ruſt of Avarice, did Conſcience ſtain;

And ere intruding, lowd Religion ſtrove,
To change for tattle, ſilence of the Grove;
Left Heav'nly ſolitude t'improve the Earth,
And ſcourc'd ſilent content, for noiſy mirth;
Such your Reign, as when Gods rul'd infant Times,
Your patience, bounty, mercy, are your Crimes;
If they are faults, the Gods are Gods by them,
More than by Thunder, or Stars Diadem;
Your power alone, in ſaving you employ,
You ſtill ſave more, than Tyrants wou'd deſtroy;
Some Kings, out of revenge, but Juſtice do,
But out of eaſineſs, their pitty ſhow,
And out of higheſt Vanity, ſeem low,
You are your Nations King, yet Father too;
Your haughty Brother, Kings by ruin Reign,
Offenders of your Mercy but complain,
When they act o're their Villanies again:

You by forgiving make, and Conquer Foes,
And bind men more, by letting of 'em looſe;
Pard'ning, in other Kings, is but an art,
More to enſlave, they give Life for a Heart,
Which never muſt from them again depart;
So give Life, but to take away a Life,
For Death to wretch, from ſlavery's reprief,
Such Kings reprieve wretch, from the quiet grave,
To make him live in Hell here Gally ſlave;
To force ſlave Subjects, is Kings ſlavery,
A Rape on Hearts, begets diſloyalty;
Making your Subjects Hearts unask'd to give,
Is only Gods, and your Prerogative,
Force on Allegiance worſe than Rape on Love,
Pleaſure, and rule by force, but Tireſom pain will prove
With your rude Nation, you, have kindly ſtrove,
But after all your Courtſhip, ſtill you find,
The hum'rous ſullen harlot, ſcarce is kind,

The only she, to whom your love apply'd,
Who sawcily, her kindness has deny'd;
Yet will she, beastly prostrate be, lie down,
And common grow to Fop of Shire and Town,
Not worthy for such Majesty to own:
Your Nation was your Mistriss next to Fame,
'Till she prov'd false; your wrong is but her shame,
The more you Court, the Jilt becomes more coy,
Your shew of Love, do's but your hopes destroy;
*French* Hectors kick, coy Jade e're she'll be kind,
That way of wooing's best most Monarchs find;
Neglect, scorn, and ill nature, best subdue
Her who, then's only lost when you pursue,
She to be follow'd will run out of view:
False Common-wealth, dear Pation of her Prince,
She who has been chief Mistriss of expence,
Is first, who at your giving takes offence;

Jade Common-wealth, who in your boſom lay,
Her whom you watch'd all night, Courted by day,
Proves now your falſe, and weakning *Dalila*,
Betraying firſt your ſtrength your Life wou'd loſe,
Clipping your power, you to *Philiſtians* expoſe,
*Philiſt'ans*, to Almightineſs, old Foes,
Who from your ſtrength to mightineſs firſt roſe;
She too, wou'd make great Maſter but her ſlave,
Grown proud, ſcorns him, from bountys firſt he gave,
Such fickle, falſe, and humorous next Fame,
Is Miſtriſs Common-wealth, her Lovers ſhame,
Who ſuffers her too high, wou'd be too tame.
Truckling's the way to make Love ſtill deſpis'd,
For haughtineſs, more than for truth oft pris'd:
That Love which can engage, yet will not awe,
Contempt in fine on profferer will draw,
Falſe Subjects, like falſe Whores but true for fear,
Are Loyalleſt, when they are kept moſt bare.

After

After new Conquests you ne're vainly roam,
To make War which tho scouring far from home,
At length, do's to home rage, and plundring come,
Nay Princes, ravage home, to sack abroad,
With burth'nous War, own Paisents first they load,
To make strange Subjects Vassals to their Throne,
Some squeez, tax, torture, and fire too, their own;
Ambitiously, to others ruin run,
First by own loss, and desolation;
So pushing Kings, like stamping Fencers live,
Upon those sides to which most bangs they give,
As if that Subjects, were like hide-bound stocks,
Whom Prince, by bangs to bearing fruit provokes,
Slave so to Fame, for's glory slaves do's load,
Sets fire on home, to make men fly abroad,
So broken Knave fires own House to get Brief,
His ruin is, his ruins sole relief;

And Poverty in peace, that makes men run,
From Laws; in War, leads always poor Rogues, on;
Kings pillage ſlaves, 'till pillaging goes round,
By want, as well as rage, Arms firſt are found,
So thoſe, who cannot live, nor ſtarve at home,
For fear of ſtarving to be kill'd may roam;
Are fitted for a March, before they go,
All hardſhip, want, firſt from their Prince they know,
Train'd up at home, for Military Vice,
In Theft, and Soldiers ſtarving exerciſe,
In ſuff'ring hunger, thirſt, and ſtripes are brave,
So way to Conquer, is to be a ſlave;
Home-hunger, and home-thirſt the ſlaves firſt try,
Thus neighb'ring ſhore is made Arms nurſery,
So Officers in Muſter's only ſtout,
To ſhew their valour, firſt their own men rout,
But when none ſtrike again, lay moſt about.

Soldi-

Soldiers from Officers take bangs, and blows,
That they may learn to take 'em from their foes;
And Soldiers oft by being cloath'd, are ſtript,
And being paid, have half their wages clipt,
Like Martial Fools, are Knaves, on honours ſcore,
MoſtCourts with payments Rob, with gifts make poor
With Titles infamous, with praiſe a Whore,
Valliantеſt there, oft of their pay afraid,
Moſt often too, but with bangs truly paid;
By ſtate caſhiers, and Captains are rob'd ſo,
That art of pillaging they too may know,
E're they themſelves may come, to ſtrip a Foe;
So Soldier who, firſt Arms, and Armour buys,
By his own Arm, or Shot, their mettle tries,
So hack they too, their Soldiers nat'ral Buff,
To find, if that it be true hacking proof,
And when their Geeſe, and Eſtridges can live,
On Iron, then tame flock from home they drive;

Then

Then too, on heedleſs neighbours are let looſe,
When they are ready to eat up friends, foes;
So Maſtiffs from their hunger, and their chains,
Get courage which their Maſters Fold maintains,
And at his Whiſtle follow him about,
Lapping from Fountain made by Horſes foot,
Such, and ſo hard, is honours Pilgrimage,
To honours ſhrine, leads many a tedious ſtage,
Fames crack'd Divote, long gadding undergoes,
As if 'twere got by wearing out ones ſhoes;
From beating only Hoof, not beat of Drum,
Late Conquerors far Provinces o'recome,
So Pack-horſes, with Snapſacks too engage,
The Winds, and Storms, ſteep Hills, and Drivers rage,
And may be ſaid to make a long Campaigne,
Of which they never but by ribs complain,
Carriers, for loading hard too, ſo get praiſe,
And for their going on ſtill name can raiſe,

And beating of the Hoof ſo up and down,
To Provinces they trot thro' are well known;
And but for gadding far and near renown'd,
As any Drudge, on Fames Road lately found,
For all late wand'ring Conqueſts we did ſee,
Reckon'd for Travels, ſhou'd much rather be,
If gadding ſo ſhou'd get Drudge Prince great ſtile,
What was *Tom Coriat*, or great *Mandavil?*
No Heroes ſure take now more care or pain,
Nor World with larger Memoirs entertain;
Whoſe Printed Campaigns too, walk the World round;
And ſhew their harden'd Soles, have trod more ground
Than any Fame-hunter, on Earth now found;
When Conqueſts only trudging Marches are,
Kings are Arms Pedlars, but of Fames ſmall ware;
They too like gadding Filchers bravely do,
Take frighten'd Geeſe, Pigs, Smocks, wheres'ere they go,

Make Corn, nay Hay, by lying on it Straw,
And Pris'ner Poultery from warm Rooſt draw,
And all this too, by Gadders Martial Law,
With haſty Courſe, new Conqu'rers like the wind,
All you blow down, alas, you leave behind;
Skies Circling Tempeſts, and ſwift Whirlwinds ſo,
Before them but old Thatch, and Forrage blow,
And harm, to quiet Sheep, and Cattel do.
Yet we, from Airy Head no Annals find,
Of the vaſt Conqueſts by her Prince the wind,
Honour it ſelf, is in the wind light chaff,
Of which too, whiſtling rumour will rob half,
It ſwells, breaks bag, ſmall nouriſhment do's yield,
And no encreaſe, tho ſtrew'd on fruitful Field;
And tho it be ſo ſtuff'd out to the ſight,
See it 'tis droſs, and weigh it 'tis but light;

Food fit for proud Beaſt who bears it about,
Whoſe Load helps him to fall into the rout,
And when once down, keeps him from coming out:
So gadding Princes, Hackneys are to empty Fame,
Who Loads 'em 'till ſhe Rides 'em down or Lame,
All her trapt'd Hackneys get by trotting on,
To Rodes for Robbers, is to be well known;
By Marching World round, all that Hero's gain,
Is Dirty Boots, and labour for their pain;
For ſpoiling of the Rodes, and making Padders,
Slaves, Horſes, Aſſes, Thieves ſo too are Gadders;
By ſetting, and way-laying treach'rous arts,
As Padders Horſes, Hero's ſteal Mens Hearts,
To Jade 'em in their Service, when weak, lean,
Take trappings off turn 'em to th' Road again,
Diſabled ſlave in force for carrying Arms,
Becomes a Drudge to Villages, and Farms;

Or elſe a Prince 'gainſt his Laws makes Bandits,
Murderers, Robbers, or worſe Parafits,
Cruel Aſſaſſinates of good Mens fame,
And ne'r let paſs unrifled a good name;
Courts are the Garriſons of Lawleſs Tongues,
Whence all, who are not of 'em ſuffer wrongs,
If Tribute, Flattery, there be not paid,
From Pimps, and Knaves, the only Royal Aid;
That vile old Court Coin, you Sir have cry'd down,
As too light, and too baſe for you to own,
Fit only for Court-ſweepers humble rout,
Whoſe Knees, Tongues rub, and lick Court-ſploches out;
You are ſole Prince, who ever would decry,
For Coin unlawful current Flattery;
Which other Kings are made immortal by
Baſe damming Immortality, which does
Eternize names, but to their ſhame, and loſs;

If

If counterfeiting Coin, we Treaſon deem,
What is't to make a King quite other ſeem?
If Treaſons crime be Coins diminiſhing,
What is't, to leſſen, clip, waſh o're a King,
Flattery do's ſuſpected glory bring;
True ſterling needs no rub to ſet it off,
Its own Intrinſick worth, it's valu's proof;
You are ſole Prince, wou'd flattery diſown,
Which no Kings, but your ſelf wou'd 'ere cry down,
They ſet their Royal Marks upon it, ſo,
Will in exchange of favour take it too;
And in their Pallaces, each King to's face,
That counterfeit low Coin, bowing and baſe,
Treaſon againſt him, for him, will let paſs;
Almoſt my crime (great Sir) prays ſhort of you,
Is diminution of your honour ſo,
That out of duty, I but Rebel grow,

Serving you thus, ſuch pardon ſhall I want,
As you to ſelf accuſer often grant;
But dulneſs pardon, no where e're cou'd find,
Yet Courts to impudence, have oft been kind;
But that was more, then you Sir ever knew,
Your Officers forgive, nay pay bold crew,
Or elſe themſelves in others they'd condemn,
They modeſty, as her twin-wit contemn,
Boldneſs at Court, they think do's merit ſhow.
Men get Coin, not by Brains but outſide brow,
Thick Sculs, frought with but out-ſide confidence,
Have ſeldom need of inſide baſhful ſenſe,
They ſpeak as eat, but from their lib'ral Prince;
Honey of Courts, makes there ſuch droniſh ſwarms,
Mens impudence is wealth there, Womens charms;
But now to modeſty, I've loſt pretence
Daring Sir, at your praiſe is impudence,
Sawcy Addreſs to Majeſty Offence.

But

But you, the higheſt, humbleſt of your Court,
Have pardon'd Millions of this inſ'lent ſort,
No modeſt Writer, but with Pen in's hand,
Thinks he has priviledge to mak's Prince ſtand,
Poems are but Petitions too in Verſe,
Which Authors ſufferings, and wants reherſe;
Large Portions they of Fame to Princes give,
That you in Verſe, and they may by it live,
Like ſenſleſs Courtiers with mean flattery,
Think ſo, Kings grace, they do not beg, but buy;
Bold wretches, to your Memory ſtill ſue,
For promiſes, you gave to them ne're due,
And beg, to be remembred ſtill by you:
A Princeſs eaſy'ſt boon, forgetfulneſs,
I only beg, for which too, none elſe preſs;
Such grant too, without asking Princes give,
By your forgetting, I new way ſhou'd thrive.

To

To be forgotten, Sir, were grace to me,
The only ruin'd, by your Memory;
Worſt crime is ſtill, rejecting Heavens grace,
Worſt puniſhment, is not to ſee Gods Face;
None wretched are, who can come where you are,
Wretch is damn'd here, who muſt that joy forbear:
You are but terrible abroad to Foes,
Your loaded Forehead here no terrour ſhows,
You do not rule your Subjects with your brows;
With no proud threats, your Neighbours e're alarme,
Nor ſeek vain ſtile, to do your Subjects harm,
Conqu'ring abroad, brings deſolation home,
Old Subjects are enſlav'd, new to o'recome;
Like Torrents, Kings, o'rethrow own banks to roam.
But your ſmooth ſtream, ſeeks not to overthrow,
Her own Banks, that to ſtrange Coaſts it may go,
Your ſtreams of power, on own Banks ne'er intrude,
Yet yours, Gods overflowing hands ſimilitude;

You,

You, like your *Thames* (Sir) keep a temp'rate Courſe,
The Shore you glide by's fatten'd, not the worſe,
Your even Stream ſeeks but to keep its own,
(From choaking Sands which wou'd its current drown)
But not to undermine its wealthy Coaſt,
O'reflowing ſtreams by their own Banks are loſt;
The more abroad, the ſtream of pow'r o'reflows,
Drier, and narrower, at home it grows,
Dividing do's oft name, and current loſe;
Branching of Pow'r dreins but the firſt Spring-head,
Foraign o'reflowing makes home, dry and dead;
Making a War, is making Victors leſs,
And getting power, but at their wealths decreaſe;
Let other vain Kings, their Wild gaddings boaſt,
What treaſures they of men, for blows have loſt,
The cheapeſt Victories, too dearly coſt;

'Tis senſleſs glory got by growing poor,
Making new Subjects, by the loſs of more,
Kings, when they kill, are Men, Gods when they give,
Not Deaths, or Rapin, bounty makes Kings live,
Fierceneſs, but makes men fly, Gold makes Men kneel,
'Tis plyant Gold that Conquers not hard ſteel;
More pow'r Man has, the leſs 'tis to be us'd,
Uſing pow'r ill, God whence it came's abus'd;
Subject's a Raſcal, whoſe unequal pow'r,
In Duel-war, has made him Conquerour;
Who with the longeſt Sword chooſes to fight,
Nor cauſe, nor heart, ('tis to be fear'd) has right,
'Tis infamous by meer ſtrength to o'recome,
Becoming not a King, but wreſtling Groom;
Kings who exceed Commiſſion to 'em giv'n,
Are themſelves Traitours to the Prince of Heav'n,

And

And who do's not to execute Heav'ns will,
In ſparing Traitours Blood, his own do's ſpill.
God, great Example to Vicegerents gave
When he threw down the firſt Rebellious ſlave,
The Rebels puniſhments, good Subjects ſave,
And Juſtice done reprieves near dying Laws,
Half ty'd up, choak'd, by the new, good old Cauſe;
But Death's, the only ſlow reward you give
With Heavenly patience you for Stiff-necks grieve,
Whilſt Hypocrites to you, uſe ſelf deceit,
Who wou'd cheat a wiſe God, good King, himſelf do's (cheat;
Traitours to you, ſtabs to own Conſcience give,
Ill Life's worſt puniſhment's to let it live,
The envious you execute, by their reprieve,
Who for the good you do, tho twere to them wou'd (grieve,
To pardon them, will hardly give you leave;

And guilty Conſcience is worſt Hangman too,
Severeſt Juſtice to it ſelf will do.
And Subjects are Self-Felons ith' true Sence,
Who wou'd deſtroy a Juſt, and Pard'ning Prince.
The Life of free-born Man is Liberty,
And Life of Liberty is Monarchy,
If we beſt, firſt Man's ſervice thraldom call,
What muſt it be to ſerve then always all?
The Government o'th' Skies, ours imitates,
Rul'd by one ſingle pow'r, and yet three States;
O might our imitation throughly run,
Your Godlike Reign Eternally laſt on,
Excepting perpetuity alone;
Our ſparing King, lives here a Deity,
Of whom nothing but's wrath can ever dye.

'Tis

'Tis but your Juſtice do's ill Men incenſe,
You, for Rebellion, leave Slaves no pretence,
Are Good, Great, Merciful, ev'n to Offence,
Kings, but condemn the Juſt, when they the guilty ſave,
Suffering Tyrant Slaves, they their own Crowns enſlave;
And Subjects mutiny, is madneſs, rage,
When each for th' publick, 'gainſt themſelves engage,
For fear of one King, ſet up Hundreds more,
Who have but pow'r too, but to make 'em poor,
Yet now are ſaving, on unthrifty ſcore;
So treacherous Truſtees, take only care,
To ſpare the Tenants, but to rack the Heir,
To force releaſes keep him low, and bare.

But ſince your Slaves for you, too high wou'd grow,
At their own perils, let it e'en be ſo;

In

In ſpight, heap Titles on 'em, more and more,
That ſince Purſe proud, they may be honour poor;
That heavieſt Tax of honour, none deny;
A Tax with which all Fools, moſt Knaves comply;
A Tax, to beggar their Poſterity.
So Pyramids more high they grow, grow leſs,
Their heighth is but their ſubſtances decreaſe.

*F I N I S.*

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*Errata* in the Poem to the King.

Page the 1. Line 8. for Defaming, Profaning, p. 7. l. 15. for paſs'd by, by all paſs'd by, p. 8. l. 11. for World to, World too, p. 14. l. 10. for honour to, honour too.

*Errata* in the Dukes.

Page 5. Line 9. for brake, break, p. 8. l. 9. for our is, ours is, p. 11. l. 8, for your fate, your fates, p. 15. l. 8. for praiſes, praiſe, p. 22. l. 2. for help to, help me to, p. 24. l. 17. for conj'ring, conqu'ring, p. 26. l. 6. for Jock-friends, Foe-friends, p. 29. l. 9. for but in, but here.

TO THE

# DUKE.

## Written in his Abſence, occaſion'd from the ſight of ſome Defamatory *Libels* on Him.

THe Brave and Juſt, life to himſelf does give,
Ready'ſt to dye, is fitteſt ſtill to live;
Nor Virtues, nor the Crimes of Anceſtors,
Can truly magnify or leſſen Ours.
Why ſhould Syres, Mothers, Siſters, or Wives Sin,
Be a Reproach to him, that's next of Kin?
Man may to Stock, or Blood, Related be,
From Friends ill Fame, Ignoble Vice, yet free;
Virtue is ſtill the beſt Nobility,
Juſtice, and Truth, moſt laſting Heraldry;

Let *Jockeys* Huntſmen of long Stocks take heed,
Value a *Horſe*, or *Dogg*, but for their Breed,
And take no notice of their Shapes, or Speed.
The Stallion-Parent, only Shapes does find,
No mortal Syre, can give the God-like mind;
Wiſe, Juſt, is Noble by the *God's* above,
Good Actions beſt, high Linage from 'em prove:
Juſt firm, is Royal, knows to Dye, as Live,
Life to forgotten Anceſtors, does give;
In Mercy ſhews his Braver Conquer'd Heart,
And Wounds he's forc'd to give, firſt make him Smart.
In giving Life, a *Gods*, or *Heroes* part.
His Mercy is, ſole danger of his Life;
To ſave, more than to kill, is ſtill his ſtrife:
To Honour, he by Arms, no ſiege does lay,
He dares meet Death; from Fame yet flyes away.
Such are You (*Sir*) Obſcur'd by Royal Blood:
Had you not own'd a KING for Syre, you ſhou'd,

By

By mortal *Heroes*, have been own'd a GOD,
Above the *Commets* dread *Heav'ns* held-out Rod;
Your ſuff'rings only prove your mortal Race;
Beſt Prince was once with People in Diſgrace:
With a more *Jewiſh* race, you have to do,
Who wou'd their Countrys-Saviour baniſh too:
Yet you bear wrongs, like an immortal mind,
Some ſorrows, (but for ſins againſt you) find;
But for your ſelf, you never feel the wrongs
Are done you, by prophaning Hearts and Tongues.
If any touch you, they are chiefly thoſe,
Offer'd you by reneagueing ſlaves Friend-Foes.
Their aym they do, you cannot courage loſe:
Blaſpheming does no wrong to heedleſs Jove,
Atheiſt to you, ſhall Hell in conſcience prove.
Your God-like Patience will diſarm their ſpight;
Your Conſtancy, ſhall their perverſneſs fight,
Your quiet Suff'ring, ſhew your heart, ſenſe right.

Wretches, who did their Lawful Prince dethrone,
Of his Inheritance, wou'd rob the Son:
Fond fools, Heav'n ſays, it can't, it ſhan't be done.
Such Inſolents, once Heav'n it ſelf aſſayl'd,
And 'ore the *God*'s themſelves wou'd have prevail'd.
Such long-Arm'd Monſters againſt Heav'n did riſe,
Swell'd up 'gainſt Government of Jove and Skyes;
And with huge Gripes, unhing'd whole Provinces,
To give diſturbance to the *God*'s long Eaſe:
With Mountains ſhielded, many handed Slaves,
Slung Campaigns to the skies, which prov'd their Graves:
So their own ſtrength, own ruin moſt did prove,
Heav'd Hills their Monuments againſt their Jove,
And vainly ſeeking to bring their *God*'s down,
Heap'd on their own heads own Deſtruction.
May all rebellious rabbles e'en ſo thrive,
Who will not let him live, by whom they live,

Wou'd pluck down their defence 'gainſt forraign Foes,
Like drunken ſquablers Guardian-Friend Oppoſe.
Your Royal true Protector, you'd Deſtroy,
And Arms againſt your Bullwark wou'd Employ.
Weary of Peace, you wou'd enjoy Revenge,
To let in Warr, the Government unhinge:
Such hands as your's, once cut the *Royal* Line,
And now the ſacred Clew, you wou'd untwine:
Wou'd brake the double Cable, which does hold
The toſſing Government, in ſtorms ſo bold;
So Fools, to ſhipwrack your own ſelves you fall
Foul on your fearles Driving Admiral;
And that ungrateful undefended ſhore,
To which he was a *Rock* and *Fence* before,
Wou'd ſhipwrack him, who kept off Tydes of Foes,
By falling foul: What can you get, but blows?
That Life which ſav'd, and guided, Will you loſe?

Guided (I mean) in Storms, when Winds grew high,
On Neighbour-Shores, and Tempests gather'd nigh,
'Till He 'twas clear'd the Seas, and threat'ning Skye,
With Thunder, like a warning Deity.

Heav'n will at last the muddy Tempest clear,
And your tost, torn, spent-followers will cheer.
The Tempest which has shook the *Royal-Root*,
And from the shore it grew on, made it float,
Will bring you back again to Native Land,
Where tallest you, but one, did firmly Stand;
And there shall spread your ruffled Top again,
O're Shrubs, who but of your high Growth complain.
Yet by your Absence now too late they find,
Your lofty stock, was shelter 'gainst all wind;
From your Expanded Covert grew their height,
Your Shaddow to them, was both heat, nay light;
They miss'd no warmth, who stood still in your sight;

All

All things grew near you, You were lofty Prop,
By which your Succors grew up to ſuch Top;
Nay, ſome ungratefully yet ſpring, and do,
But by your abſence baſely higher grow;
Who firſt were by your Sap and Succor fed,
Firſt thought your Growth too high, Boughs too far ſpread;
So clinging Ivy climbing kills her Prop,
On which ſhe grew, and grown ſtill help'd her up;
But firmly yet ſhall ſtand unmoving foot,
From ſhaking Tempeſt take but deeper root;
Storms alwayes reach, and ſhake the things moſt high,
Whilſt low and groveling undiſturb'd may lye:
Your firmneſs only does your danger make;
Things moſt immoveable wild Storms wou'd brake;
The Plyant are but ſafe becauſe they bow,
Like Plants ſpread more, the more blown to and fro,
For bearing Fruit contented to lye low.

But Shrubs, which by your ſide wou'd grow too high,
And to the *Maſter-Cedars* injury,
By that ſhade which firſt rays'd 'em may they dye.
The *Navy* is once more the ſheltring Oak,
To keep the Royal Stock, from Treaſons Stroak.
Seas to their Soveraign more conſtant prove,
Whilſt the fixt ſhore, by Tempeſt, more does move;
Our is the floating, moving *North-Weſt-Ile*,
Which *Pylots* well-ſhap'd Courſe does ſtill beguile;
That hum'rous Spot of quickſand driving ground,
Which only, when 'tis ſought to, can't be found;
And n'one in ſtorm can touch Thee, but is drown'd;
The toyl of Pylot, mock of Marriners,
He nere ſhall make Thee, who directly Steers;
Ungrateful. Mother-Soyle, and traytrous Earth,
To Ship-Wrack what from thee, had firſt high Birth!
So Rich-Fraught Bottom far about does Roame,
Scapes forraign Coaſts, and Storms, to Sink at Home;

And

And whilſt by adverſe Winds, on Seas 'tis Toſt,
Is but in danger from own native Coaſt,
Where wretches pray on ſhore, it may be Loſt.
Ilanders, who by Stormes and Tempeſts live,
Whoſe Wealth is but what others Ruins give;
Who curſe leſs merc'leſs Seas, and ceaſing Storm,
And Heaven, which for them will do no Harm;
Call them Gods-Goods which Tempeſts to'em ſend,
The Sea, old Foe to Earth, is their beſt friend.
When Land-Storms riſe, it is in vain to ſtrive,
Beſt courſe is then to let the torn Bark drive.
When winds grow lowd, Rebellious Seas to Rore,
The Ship muſt roul, no dealings with the Shore;
Sea then's ill Enemy, but worſe the Port,
Where entring Bark pays but too dearly for't:
Fair weather may return, the Sun may Smile,
And clear up yet, about our Clouded Ile;

Where Miſts are grown ſo dark, Seas ſo high roul,
That Friends on Friends, on Admiral fall foul;
Yet Halcion days, after theſe ſtorms, may come,
We may ſee our Toſt-Admiral come Home.
Wellcom as once to this repenting Shore,
Which had beat off it's Admiral before.
The love of Change, if not the love of Right,
Will bring remorce, when once you come in Sight;
And you again from ſecond Banniſhment,
Once more are beg'd by Common Votes Conſent,
The People ſhall with Tears of Joy Lament;
Their Sottiſh rage, and their wild frenzy mourn,
Which their own Armes, in you, ſo wou'd have torn;
Come to themſelves; your Renegads again,
Will be your Slaves, and ſue to wear your Chain.

You are our ſmall Worlds hidden Axeltree,
Round, which whilſt all things turn you fixt we ſee;
True Image of the patient Deitie.
Prophan'd by thoſe, you ſhou'd be worſhip'd by,
From your own bounty, you too they defye;
Wou'd glorify you, as your Father too,
O're the whole world, in Heaven wou'd Crown you:
Your Fate wou'd be, who alwayes had been theirs,
For your laſt Exaltation, they make Prayers:
To their own Fate wou'd be the fatal Doome,
Him wou'd ſubdue by whom they overcome:
Their ſaving Admiral wou'd run on ground,
Venture their own, but His life to confound:
Their foes, in you o're-come, be Conqu'rers ſo,
And all your Trophys get by ſpoyling you.
Baſe, treacherous, and loſing Victorie,
By which the Conquerors wou'd ruin'd be!

Immortall Pens ſucceſsful virtue claw,
Mine now for *Fortunes* Conqueror I draw;
Virtue diſtreſt in my Verſe ſtill ſhall Live,
Who dies for Honour, him ſhall *Fame* reprieve.
Honour's a kind of loſing loadam Game,
Whereby who loſes Life, gets more of *Fame*,
And never dies in his Eternal Name:
*Fame* do's gain *Fame*, whilſt *Fame* to you ſhee gives,
And *Fame* of her ſuſpected truth retrives.
A Prince diſtreſt moſt Honour ſo can give,
In being Poets Theam, you make him live.
But ready'ſt way to Immortallity,
Is not to ſave your Name, but for it Dye,
The greateſt Honour kept by Deſtiny.
I who in verſe ne're thought a Name to raiſe,
Or for my honour, to give others praiſe;
Cou'd not refuſe my ſelf beſt way to Fame,
Who your great Name Enroles, Enroles his name.

Painters

Painters ſo by their finiſh'd *Hero's* ſide,
Small name in Corner of great picture hide,
From giving of juſt likneſs they take pride.
Ambitious hand graſps Immortallity,
And Climes to *Fame*, by laying hold ſo high.
If you were dead, you never wou'd be dead;
Were there no *Faith*, you wou'd be worſhipped:
Did you not own a God, you might be one;
Might ſit Safe, High, were you not next the Throne:
Wer't not your Altar, it might be your Seat;
Serving your God and King, you are more great:
Your Duty to both Kings is your offence,
That fallen Rebel-Devils do's incence:
You fear God too much, ſo much love your Prince;
Nay you cou'd love too, without recompence:
Allegiance is your fault, Virtue your Crime,
Your Courage makes you fear'd, your Juſtice Grim,

To thoſe who wou'd the Royal Houſe divide,
Which ſtands ſcarce ſafe, but by your Propping Side:
Your High Born-Brother was without the Sun,
You hidden Pole on which His world did Run;
The lower bearing Hinge oth' Government,
For want of which, it has on one ſide leant;
More fit, by State Thief, to be heav'd aſide,
Who to unhinging has all force apply'd,
And lent his Back, his Shoulders and each ſide;
Whilſt Fall of State bold Fooles own Trap might prove,
Cruſhing thoſe Shoulders, which for ruin hove,
And Spreyn thoſe Armes, which for unhinging Strove.
For Monarchy they wou'd ſhut out of dore,
Kings they wou'd be, yet wou'd have Kings no more;
At *Weſtminſter*, they'd even you Adore,
Wou'd give your reſting Courage there it's due,
But may they, I, and Fame, long keep your view.

You

You to be greater, need not cannot dye;
Y'ave got already Immortality.
I wou'd dye for your Name, live by it too;
Gods Name, and yours, can Life by Death beſtow.
But there is taking too great Name in Vain,
And you (Sir) of my Vowes, may well complain;
Which, with too ſmall devotion, I Reherſe,
Gods demy-Gods, have yet Pray'r, Prayſes in Verſe;
Which only Zealous giver do's delight;
Devotion, pays it ſelf, by being right:
Who fears not to give Honour where 'tis due,
Shews his true worſhip, that's Religion true.
Poets Devotion, without blame may have,
Who ſeldom ſeek a Soul, but Name to ſave.
Poets, Phyſitians Perſecutors are,
Yet ſuch Religions Perſecutors ſpare,
'Cauſe they for no Religion will declare.

Such for the Dead but to the Living pray,
Damn, or Save men, as men will give or pay:
But free-will'd Poet, prays to Heathen Saints,
To *Love*, to *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, makes complaints,
VVithout the fear of Sharp finn'd Purſuivants:
'Gainſt worſhipping the Devil, there's no Law;
VVho dares fear Purgatory, Statutes jaw
VVill ſwallow up alive at *Weſtminſter*;
VVretch of Redemption ever muſt diſpair!
'Till Purgatory want Bards little eaſe,
Frees him from ſtarving world, his worſt diſeaſe;
Of which we find he's allways crying out,
The World's his *Plague*, his *Pox*, and his poor Gout,
And from his Head flyes down into his Foot:
Seldom permitting him to go abroad,
'Till he goes laſt ſtep, of life's rugged Road;
And fills his hungry unſtopt mouth with Clay
VVhich ſcarce had mouthful till his lifes laſt lay,
And but for it was ever known to pray:

Yet

Yet Godly malice may for ought I know,
Charge me, tho' Poet, with Religion too,
By ſhewing ſhort Devotion (Sir) to you.
Poets indeed oft are Idolaters,
But Verſe to you, is ſaying of on's pray'rs.
Poets tune up to Earthly Gods ſett Ayres,
To help Coyne needs, and urgent Verſe-affayres:
Set up their Golden Calves their Stocks, their Stones,
Traffick their worſhip, but for others Boones,
Bleſſings, which Coſt too many heavy groans:
Yet upſtart demy-Gods nor Idols ſhall
Me from my old Devotion tempt, or call.
(Dread Sir) to you, I'le pray, bow, bend ſtiff knee,
Rebellion is to me Idolatrie,
Our Common Fate ſhall be my Deitie.
But leaſt my praying ſhould be thought a ſin,
By curſing my Devotion ſhall begin,
For devout Curſers Poets ſtill have been:

Curſt be thoſe Jewes by whom y'are banniſh'd hence,
To whom your *Firmneſs* was greateſt Offence;
VVho to your Princely *Forehead* Thorns apply'd,
VVound Majeſty, piercing it through your Side:
Joves, and your Brothers Thunder too defye,
Like Atheiſts againſt Conſcience will deny
Your great Names Immortality:
My mortal Verſe in your Name ſhall not dye.
The ſafe bold way to ſave a Poets Name,
Is to be Drawer of your Deeds, and *Fame*;
My glory wou'd be finniſh'd, tho' yours Lame.
Yet you, 'tis Dangerous to pourtray right,
For he who wou'd do that, muſt ſee you fight;
Then bear you Chearfull'ſt Look, and Nobleſt Grace;
In danger you have ſtill moſt ſteady *Face*;
'Midſt fire, and Deaths, ſeem Deathleſs Deity,
VVhilſt you the circling Flames but Glorify,
And who wou'd ſee you then, muſt dare to dye.

Cowards

Cowards who Boldly'ſt charge a Prince's Ear,
For boon of Honour, wou'd not then preſs near.
But what to you more honour dos afford,
You tho' a Prince, yet dare to keep your VVord;
In Fight no more, then in ſtrict Vertue you
A Second or a Councellor can know;
He then became your greateſt Enemy,
Who to ſave life wou'd let your Honour dye,
From danger to keep you; worſt Injury!
You alwayes cou'd forgive, and leſs wou'd blame,
The Traytor to your life, then to your *Fame*.
I fear (Great Sir) I ſo have injur'd you;
For who can ſet forth, what you did, can do?
Your long Wing'd Honour takes ſuch Eagles Flight,
Shee leaves her blind purſuer out of ſight;
And after all his gazeing, all he'll find,
Your dazling Sun makes bold Obſervers blind:

Following you, in Honours eager Game,
Wou'd tire the Poets *Horſe*, and Wings of Fame;
Report wou'd lagg behind, Verſe wou'd be Lame:
'Tis Sawcineſs to trace the Demi-Gods,
VVho Spur out of all Common *Hackney-Roads*;
When out of ſight, by Court-mouths Winds are Toſt,
Yet higheſt when to Mortals they ſeem Loſt;
So Eagle like, to Mortals dazel'd Eye,
You then ſeem Leaſt, when you are got moſt High;
The greater diſtance you from Mortals are,
To Heaven your Sphere, you are but much more neare:
Yet may your flight be long ere you come there,
Late let us looſe in you our Heaven here;
Still on the Wing State Tempeſt keeps you up,
And to your Shiver'd Rock forbids you ſtoop;
For want of where to perch round Heav'n you roame,
Made flye from home all Heaven is your Home.

But in laſt voyage you'll find Volunteers;
Who dares not with you dye, lives for more fears.
VVhen you to Danger, and to Death lead on,
And dying from the ſick world will be gon,
To ſhort breath'd Cowards life wou'd then ſeem none:
VVhen from the dead world bravely you wou'd flye,
'Twere but Self-preſervation then to dye;
That life is loſt, which with you is not loſt,
VVhen Soule of Valour dyes, man lives a Ghoſt,
A flying Shaddow, Sneaks from Mortal view:
VVhen dareing Mortals wou'd Cold thing purſue,
And when your ſacred Sun ſhall diſappear,
The damn'd remaining will live pale Ghoſts here,
And living will but daily dye with fear.
Coppying Soldiers Poets Paynters ſhall,
Want their bold hand, and great Original:
I draw but once an age, and after you,
No dawbing Prayſe, ſhall my Verſe Pencil ſhow;

Then

Then can have no one ſit, or fight to me,
Or help me to expreſs true Victorie.
Victory, whoſe dark Clouds but ſet it off,
And dang'rous odds, are not it's loſs, but proof:
Victory, when vain Glory's led in Chains,
And mans cool Sence, his heat'ring Will Conſtreyns.
Who cou'd your Glory draw ſhall honour have,
Shall conquer Envy, be the muſes Brave.
Of tedious Drawer, you ſhall but Conplain,
Of draught in little, dawbers greateſt payn,
Who you, for ſo ill picture dares deteyn:
But who in your Great Name once draws his Pen,
Will find it hard to finiſh as begin.
Paynting's bewitching when the Object's dear,
When you ſit ſtill, what dawber can forbear?
But trembling hand bold Pencil muſt let fall,
You muſt remain uncoppy'd, Great Original;

You Paynters, Poets, Enemies diſarm;
Unutterable virtue will all Sences charm,
What loads too much benums the brain and arm;
And dareing too 'sketch Immortality,
Is no devotion, Pencil Blaſphemy:
God Heav'n and you no mortal ſees right here;
Are libell'd all, by ſhort prayſe in long Pray'r;
And Tediouſneſs 'gainſt God, and man's a ſin,
Not to conclude worſe than not to begin.
You when you fight, your Acts beſt Drawer are,
Immortal Deeds Gods beſt themſelves declare;
So Gods in Miracles to men appear.
Your drawn Sword is your Stile, Foes Iron Breſt,
Where it's poynt beſt, own keenneſs has expreſt.
Fullneſs of Subject drowns your Poets Pen,
Who writing on, finds ſtill he's to begin;
Drowns flowing Prayſe it ſelf, with it's exceſs,
And loſes great Name, in own flouriſhes.

Your Royal Brothers, and your only Name,
Preſerve a Flatterer, himſelf from blame;
Names which wou'd make late lying Poetry,
But ſpareing, modeſt, ciphr'ing Hiſtory:
No Poets feign or will for lyars go,
Who your great Brothers, and your vertues ſhow;
Write all they can 'twere ſhort of him, and you.
Courage was n'ere thought leſs for modeſtie,
He what he can, yet lets not bold men ſee.
Th'Allmighty Thund'rers hand dos not appear,
Whilſt he low Shrubs, hard Rocks below dos tear.
Inſolent Babel-builders have a care;
More high you Climb, your fall will greater be,
Him you wou'd reach, the Gods defend you ſee.
You'l go to Heaven (Sir) no whether Flie,
You for your Country wou'd, not by it Dye;
But when y'are raviſh'd hence, by conqu'ring ſphæres
Blasphemous Curſes will be turn'd to Prayers:

If

If you were Dead, then wou'd they make you Live,
Fearing no more, your Valours due, wou'd give.
But your Great Name can never greater grow,
By Heaven, Fame, World, Me, may not by You;
Fame Poets, Flatterers, Courts Lying Crew,
In ſpeaking Short of you, do not ſpeak True.
Their Praiſe, more than *Whiggs* Malice, will decry,
And but Beſmear Names, they won'd Glorify;
Lying Fools praiſe, or love, worſt Injury.
But *Whigg!* That Burleſque little paultry ſound,
In Ballad Verſe, fit only to be found;
Where your great Name is Sung, it ſhoud be drown'd.
Yet I more leſſen you Sir, now I fear,
But when hir'd Pens againſt your Fame appear,
What block cou'd help, being Verſe-volunteer.
When Pentionary Quills rebel 'gainſt Fame,
And draw upon the Nobleſt ſuff'ring Name,
I boldly take my Courage, from their Shame.

Yet I, perhaps may do Great Name more wrong,
By ſhort blunt Praiſe, than edgeleſs Satyr long,
Their wicked Will is, tho' their force not ſtrong,
Great is their Rage, who will expoſe their own,
Your Sacred Reputation to bring down.
Such flatt'ring foe-friends of Kings Purſe and Crown,
To ſtarving Muſe let 'em be left alone;
Let Verſe which was their Bellies, not Heads crime,
Be'ts puniſhment, in Unpoetick time:
Inſtead of Living, may they ſtarve by Ryme.
Be like their VVritings, both ſhort-liv'd and torn,
By praiſe of Fools and Knaves, grow VViſe mens ſcorn:
VVho like fed Dogs, 'gainſt abſent bounty bay,
Snapping that Hand, on which their wants did prey.
Moon-Barkers ſo 'gainſt the VVorlds ſecond Light,
VVith falſe Alarms diſturb the quiet Night:
For ſhutting out themſelves, loud Noiſe ſtill keep,
And will not let thoſe of their own Houſe ſleep.

To

To Kennel (*Coffee-House*) e'en let 'em creep,
Lap *Coffee*, and their Cares, with pall'd Jests, steep;
Like hungry *Ratts*, for want of Food, may they,
On their blurr'd Papers, cham'd conceipts, still prey.
Such *Ratts* cannot devour your Deathless Name,
'Tho' they defac'd the Register of Fame.
Your Name, wou'd still be what it was before;
None make you less, your Self can't make you more:
That only is beyond your Vallours pow'r.

# Poli-Scipio.

# Poſt-ſcript.

AS he who ne're took Cudgel up before,
Vext at Foul Play, begin's thick skull to ſcoure,
In Poets Lifts, and layes about him round,
From ſenſe of Friends VVrongs, clumſey ſtrength has found:
So has my juſt rage ſharpen'd my blunt Quill:
Forgive (Great Sir) defending you ſo ill;
He alwayes has beſt Heart, who ſhews leaſt Skill.
My End is not at all to ſhew my Art,
In Lying Verſe, but here my Your true Heart,
Which from the Left-Right-Side can never part.
The ſide Oppreſs'd, is ſtill to me, the Right:
Who Loves, asks not what Quarrel Friend does Fight.

VVho

Who Draws on Your Side, nere can be i'th Wrong.
Poets ſtill fight the Rabble, and the Throng.
Mall'd Poets, like bang'd Braves o'th' ground, deſpiſe
The Knock-down-Crowds, who will not let 'em Riſe.
The Honeſt, tho' the Weak ſide, has the Ods;
Poets, and Heroes, are help'd by the Gods.

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*FINIS.*

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